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The Eliza Cook songster

Bloombury [London]

[18--]

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Control Number: ADG-5869
OCLC Number : 27721784
Call Number : W PN970.E5 ELIZx v.2
Title : The Eliza Cook songster : containing a collection of her most admired ballads, and many of the most popular songs of the day.
Imprint : Bloomsbury [London] : Printed and published by Ryle & Co., [18--]
Format : v. : ill. ; 23 cm.
Note : Cover title.
Note : Caption subtitle: A collection of esteemed favourite songs.
Note : Text also on p. [4] of cover.
Note : Without music.
Note : Library has no. 1 and 2.
Subject : Chapbooks, English.
Added Entry : Cook, Eliza, 1818-1889.

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Film Size: 35mm microfilm
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Date filming began: 8-30-94
Camera Operator: CI

No. 2.

THE

ELIZA COOK SONGSTER,

Containing a Collection of her most admired Ballads, and many of the most popular songs of the day.

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A drop of the creature
A haggrewating donkey
Bonny Kate
Boy's grave
Cavalier
Cookey darling
Dame Durden
Do you, said Fanny
Early to bed and early to rise
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Have faith in one another
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I dreamt that I slept at Madame Tussaud's
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Who hath not shed the silent tear
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When crowned with summer roses
Woman's love
Yes, I have cared to love thee
Ye topers all

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY RYLE & Co., 2 & 3, MONMOUTH COURT, BLOOMSBURY.

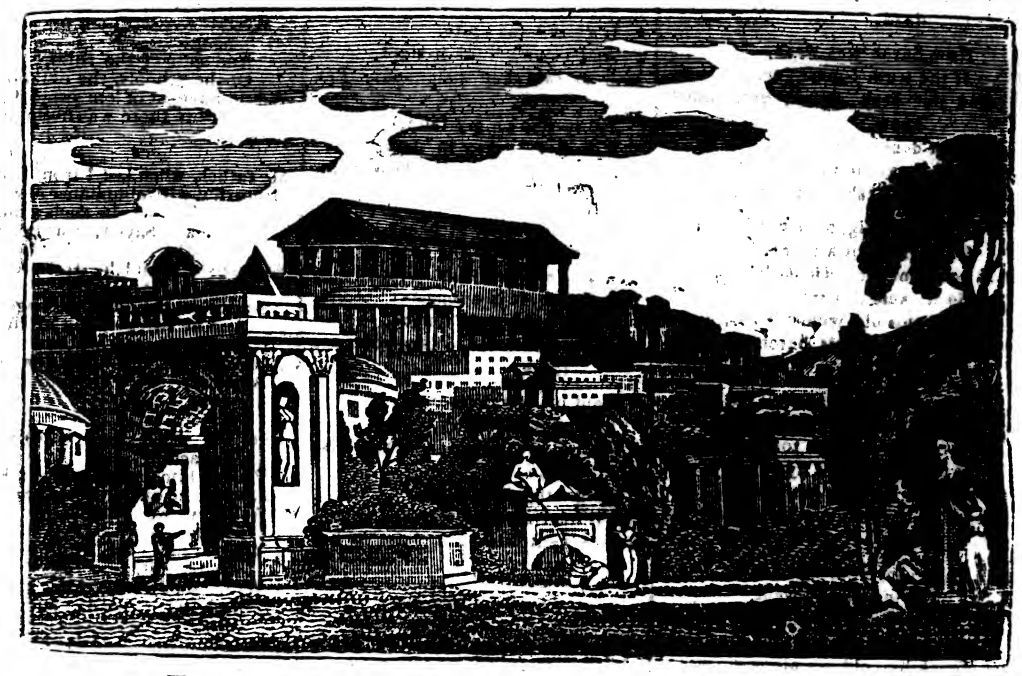
One penny

Whitaker PN 970 .F5 E L I Z x .2

THE

ELIZA COOK SONGSTER,

No. 2. Price One Penny.



"EARLY TO BED AND EARLY TO RISE."

(ELIZA COOK.)

EARLY to bed and early to rise—
Aye, note it down in your brain,
For it helpeth to make the foolish wise,
And uproots the weeds of pain.
Ye who are walking on thorns of care,
Who sigh for a softer bower,
Try what can be done in the morning sun,
And make use of the early hour.

Full many a day for ever lost,
By delaying its work till to-morrow;
The minutes of sloth have often cost
Long years of bootless sorrow.
And ye who would win the lasting wealth
Of content and peaceful power,
Ye who would couple Labour and Health,
Must begin at an early hour.

We make bold promises to Time,
Yet, alas! too often break them;
We mock at the wings of the king of kings,
And think we can overtake them.
But why loiter away the prime of the day,
Knowing that clouds may lower?
Is it not safer to make Life's hay
In the beam of the early hour?

Nature herself ever shows her best
Of gems to the gaze of the lark,
When the spangles of light on earth's green breast
Put out the stars of the dark.
If we love the purest pearls of the dew,
And the richest breath of the flower,
If our spirits would greet the fresh and the sweet,
Go forth in the early hour.

Oh, pleasure and rest are more easily found
When we start through Morning's gate,
To sum up our figures, or plough up our ground,
And weave out the threads of Fate
The eye looketh bright and the heart keepeth light,
And man holdeth the conqueror's power,
When, ready and brave, he chains Time as his slave
By the help of the early hour.

The Hour before Day.

BEREFT of his love and bereaved of his fame,
A knight to the cell of an old hermit came;
My foes they have slander'd, and forced me to fly.
Oh, tell me, good father, what's left but to die?
Despair not, my son, thou'lt be righted ere long,
For Heaven is above us to right all the wrong;
Remember the words the old hermit doth say,—
'Tis always the darkest the hour before day.
Oh, the hour before day, &c.

Then back to the tourney, then back to the court,
And join thee the bravest in chivalry's sport.
Thy foes will be there, and thy lady love, too—
And show thou'rt a knight that is gallant and true.
He rode in the lists, all his foes he overthrew,
And a bright glance he caught from a soft eye of blue;
And he thought of the words the old hermit did say,
For the glance was as bright as the dawning of day.
Oh, the hour before, &c.

The feast it was late in the castle that night,
And the banquet was beaming with beauty and light,
But fairest of all is the lady who glides
To the porch, where the knight with a fleet courser bides.
She paused 'neath the arch, at the fierce bandog's bark;
She trembled to look on the night—'twas so dark;
But her lover he whisper'd, and thus he did say—
Sweet love, it is darkest the hour before day.
Oh, the hour before, &

A haggrewating Donkey!

ABOUT five miles from town,
Lived one Sarah Brown,
By washing she did earn her bread,
She'd for years done the same,
And had got a good name,
Tho' she often times wished herself dead.

Now Sarah was weak,
If the truth I must speak,
And not very young you must know,
So a donkey she got,
And 'twas the thing's lot,
To go to and fro.

Now her neighbour next door,
Of fowls kept a score,
A bachelor, one Richard Lock;
So it came to pass,
That this old woman's ass,
Was hurt by this butcher's game cock.

These dumb things fell out,
Goodness knows what about,
The cock first began to show fight,
At the ass he let fly,
Struck her slap in the eye,
By which the poor thing lost its sight.

On revenge Sal was bent,
To the justice she went,
To get recompense she did try,
She push'd through the throng,
Took her old ass along,
To show that she had lost an eye.

Said his worship so big,
With his powdered wig,
Pray tell me how all came to pass?
Why, yer honour, 'tis true
What I'm telling to you,
His cock has much injured my ass.

At this like every morn,
'Tis as true as you're born,
Whenever she goes out to graze,
Exact as the clock,
His great big game cock
Is sure for to fly at my ass.

Should you doubt what I say,
I've brought it to-day,
And got the poor thing close behind,
If this way you'll pass,
I'll show you my ass,
And you'll see that it's nearly stone blind.

Then he quitted his chair,
And went, I declare,
For the beak was a worthy old bleke,
To his eye plac'd his glass,
Took a squint at her ass,
And pronounc'd it a much-injur'd moke.

Said his worship, Odd zounds!
'Twill cost him some pounds,
What have you to say, Richard Lock?
For I find here, alas!
How this good woman's ass,
Has been grossly ill-used by your cock.

Then Richard began,
Sir, I'm a poor man,
And I hope as how you'll not be hard;
For I think the old dame
Was sadly to blame,
To let her moke graze near my yard.

It's envy and spite,
And I don't think it right,
And so said her neighbour, Bet Jones,
To intrude on my land,
With her donkey in hand,
Sarve her right if I'd broken its bones.

Says the justice of peace,
Why this alters the case,
The matter I see very clear;
Says she, it is wrong—
I say, hold your tongue,
You'd no business to take your ass there.

Said his worship, away,
I dismiss the affray,
You had no right on other folks land,
So get thy way back,
I'll hear no more clack,
So she went with her 'ass in her hand.'

Dame Durden.

DAME Durden kept five serving girls,
To carry the milking pail;
She also kept five lab'ring men,
To use the spade and flail:
'Twas Moll, and Bet, and Doll, and Kate,
And Dorothy Draggle-tail;
And John, and Dick, and Joe, and Jack,
And Humphrey with his flail.
'Twas John kiss'd Molly,
And Dick kiss'd Betty,
And Jack kiss'd Kitty,
And Humphrey with his flail,
Kiss'd Dorothy Draggle-tail;
And Kitty was a charming girl,
To carry the milking pail.

Dame Durden in the morn so soon,
She did begin to call,
To rouse her serving maids and men,
She then began to bawl.
'Twas Moll, &c.

'Twas on the morn of Valentine,
When birds began to prate,
Dame Durden's serving maids and men,
They all began to mate.
'Twas Moll, &c.

Round.

LOVE fain did try to sever
Friendship's chain,
But as he broke the links they join'd again;
Friendship with Love united still remain.

Nothing like Grog.

(Dibdin.)

A plague of those musty old fubbers,
Who tell us to fast and to think,
And patient fall in with life's rubbers
With nothing but water to drink.
A can of good stuff, had they twigg'd it,
Would have set them for pleasure agog;
And spite of the rules,
Of the schools, the old fools
Would have all of 'em swigg'd it,
And swore there was nothing like grog.

My father, when last I from Guinea
Return'd with abundance of wealth
Cried, Jack, never be such a ninny
To drink. Says I, Father, your health.
So I pass'd round the stuff—soon he twigg'd it—
And it set the old codger agog:
And he swigg'd, and mother,
And sister, and brother,
And I swigg'd, and all of us swigg'd it
And swore there was nothing like grog.

One day when the chaplain was preaching,
Behind him I curiously slunk;
And while he our duty was teaching,
As how we should never get drunk—
I tipp'd him the stuff, and he twigg'd it,
Which soon set his rev'rence agog,
And he swigg'd, and Nick swigg'd,
And Ben swigg'd, and Dick swigg'd,
And I swigg'd, and all of us swigg'd it,
And swore there was nothing like grog.

Then, trust me, there's nothing like drinking,
So pleasant on this side the grave:
It keeps the unhappy from thinking
And makes e'en the valiant more brave.
For me, from the moment I twigg'd it,
The good stuff has so set me agog,
Sick or well, late or early,
Wind foully or fairly,
I've constantly swigg'd it, and swigg'd it,
And, damme! there's nothing like grog.

Do you, said Fanny.

DO you, said Fanny, t'other day,
In earnest love me, as you say,
Or are these tender words applied
To fifty girls alike beside?
Dear, cruel girl, cried I, forbear:
For by those eyes, those lips, I swear—
She stopp'd me as the oath I took,
And cried, you've sworn—now kiss the book.

Ye Topers All.

YE topers all drink to the soul
Of this right honest fellow,
Who always lov'd a flowing bowl,
And would in death be mellow?
The lamp of life he kindled up,
With spirit stout and glowing,
His head inspir'd thus with a cup,
Ascends where nectar's flowing.

Have Faith in one Another.

Have faith in one another, when ye
meet in friendships name,
For the true friend is a brother, and his
heart should throb the same,
Though your path in life may differ,
since the hour when first ye met,
Have faith in one another, ye may need
that friendship yet,
Have faith in one another, when ye
whisper loves fond vow;
It will not be always summer, or be al-
ways bright as now;
And when winter time comes o'er ye,
if some kindred heart ye share,
And have faith in one another, ye shall
never know dispair.
And when winter time &c.

Have faith in one another, for should
doubt alone incline,
It would make the world a desert, where
the sun would never shine;
We have all some transient sorrow, that
o'ershadows us to day,
But have faith in one another and it
soon shall pass away.
Have faith in one another, and let hon-
our be your guide,
And let truth alone be spoken whatever
may betide;
The false may reign a season, and oh!
doubt not but it will,
But have faith in one another and the
truth shall flourish still.
The false may reign, &c.

The Boy's Grave.

(Music published by Jewell.)

I STOOD by a grave near my child-
hood's dear home,
Where in bright summer days I had
gloried to roam;
Now I saw every spot with a feeling of
pain;
For I knew I could ne'er be so happy
again.
I cannot recall the light heart that I
bore,
And the innocent day-dreams can charm
me no more;
There's a chill that will steal on the
heart of the brave,
As he stands a lone man on the brink
of a grave.

I had stood in the battle, my heart ne'er
was cold,
And the thunders of war often made
me more bold;
But the grave of the young who had
died in his bed,
Chilled me more than the battle-stained
shroud of the dead.
'Twas the grave of a friend, who had
shared every joy
When my soul was all freshness—the
soul of a boy;
Oh, would I might be in this cold bed
at rest,
And confide all my sorrows and joys to
his breast!

I'm no speaker, so you'll see.

I'M no speaker, so you'll see,
From the scores of melody,
Something apropos I'll borrow—
Oh, if you keep up this glee,
I hope that you'll agree with me,
And tarry here till to-morrow.

I've no money, but you see,
Justerini credits me
For Claret, Champagne, Hock or
Sherry,
No heel taps then, nor skylights leave,
Nor for a lack of liquor grieve,
But drink and sing and be merry.

Kathleen Mavourneen.

KATHLEEN Mavourneen the grey
dawn is breaking;
The horn of the hunter is heard on
the hill;
The lark from her light wing the bright
dew is shaking——
Kathleen Mavourneen, what, slum-
bering still?
Oh, hast thou forgotten how soon we
must sever?
Oh, hast thou forgotten this day we
must part?
It may be for years, and it may be
for ever;
Oh, why art thou silent thou voice of
my heart?

Kathleen Mavourneen, awake from thy
slumbers!
The blue mountains glow in the sun's
golden light!
Ah! where is the spell that once hung
on thy numbers!
Arise in thy beauty, thou star of my
night?
Mavourneen Mavourneen, my sad tears
are falling,
To think that from Erin and thee I
must part;
It may be for years & it may be for ever
Then why art thou silent, thou voice of
my heart?

No Loss Like Loss of Time.

(Collins.)

OF more loss in life than gain,
Mad-brained mortals still complain,
Spendthrifts feel the loss of wealth,
Rakes the loss of rosy health;
Sots in midnight broils in strife,
Lose the balmy sweets of life;
And when life has lost its prime,
Fools deplore the loss of time.

In yon corner of thy room,
Mark the lab'ring spider's loom;
See the net her drudgery spreads,
Count its intervolving threads;
Where in ambush lurks the spy,
To immesh the vagrant fly:
And, from her, compute what grim
Can outway the loss of time,

Then behold the pismire's toil,
Tugging, drudging o'er the soil,
Grain by grain, the fruits of earth,
'Gainst the hungry winter's dearth,
Ev'ry load she lugs to shelf
How much larger than herself,
And teaching, more than prose or rhyme
How to shun the loss of time.

Who hath not shed the silent tear?

(Music published by Cramer, Addison, and Beale.)

WHO hath not shed the silent tear?
Who hath not felt his bosom swell
With grief that could not be suppressed,
When came the parting word "Fare-
well!"
Who ever left his native shore,
In far and stranger lands to dwell,
But treasured in his memory still
The look that spoke the last farewell.
Who hath not shed, &c.

Joyful the captive drops his chain;
But ere he quits his gloomy cell,
The only voice that cheer'd him there
Shall pain him with its sad farewell.
'Tis sorrow's note, wherever breathed,
And acts like some magician's spell;
It checks the smile that fain would play,
And withers in the deep farewell.
Yet 'tis a word we all must breathe
Like a departed spirit's knell,
It strikes with anguish on the heart,
And breaks it with the last Farewell.

The Last Adieu.

(Sung by Miss Birch, before the Queen.)

FAREWELL dearest, fare thee well,
And blessings with thee go!
May sunshine be upon thy path,
And flowers around thee grow:
For thou wert kind when all the world
From me and fortune fell;
Thy smile hath soothed this troubled
heart,
Yet, dearest, fare thee well!
Farewell dearest, &c.

Farewell, dearest, still I say,
And yet I know not why!
To hear the magic of thy voice,
The music of thy sigh,
Once more thy hand is clasp'd in mine,
Once more I feel its spell:
Then give me thy own sunny smile,
And, dearest, fare thee well.
Farewell dearest, &c.

Merrily, merrily huddle thy Nose.

(A GLEE.)

MERRILY, merrily push round the
glass,
And merrily troll the glee;
For he who won't drink till he wink is
an ass;
So, neighbour, I'll drink to thee.

Merrily, merrily huddle thy nose,
Until it is right rosy shall be:
For a jolly red nose (I speak under the
rose)
Is a sign of good company.

Love and Music.

A CATCH.

HOW great is the pleasure, how
sweet the delight,
When soft Love and Music together
unite!

Cavalier.

IT was a beautiful night,
And the stars shone bright,
And the moon on the waters played,
When a gay cavalier,
At a bower drew near,
A lady to serenade.
To tenderest words
He swept his chords,
While many a sigh breathed he,
And o'er and o'er
He fondly swore,
Sweet maid I love but thee,
Sweet maid, sweet maid, I love but thee.

He raised his eyes
To the lattice high,
While he fondly breathed his hopes
With amazement he sees
Swing about by the breeze,
Already a ladder of ropes.
Up, up, he is gone,—
The bird is flown,
"What's this on the ground?" quoth he,
"It is plain that she loves,
Here's some gentleman's gloves,
And they never belonged to me,
These gloves, these gloves, they never belonged to me."

You all would have thought,
He'd have followed and fought,
That being the duelling age,
But this gay cavalier
Quite scorned the idea
Of putting himself in a rage;
More wise by far,
He put up his guitar,
And as homeward he went sung he,
"When a lady elopes
Down a ladder of ropes,
She may go to Hong Kong for me,
She may go, she may go, to Hong Kong for me."

Katty O'Cornay.

KATTY O'Corney, de top of de mornin'
Is breakin' upon me, wid frost and wid snow;
And de chilblains, my honey, yourself 'ud bescornin',
Have saized like de cramp on my big little toe.
Oh, have you forgotten de wake of Tim Riley!
Oh, have you forgotten de groan dat he gave!
If ye kape me all night, dis here mighty cowld mornin',
It's not long before dat I'll be in my grave.

Katty O'Corney, get up from your snorin',
And don't be a slapin' from mornin' to night;
And what would I gain, if I stand here adorin',
Unless yer swate lips breathe the words, "Take a sight!"
O'Corney, O'Corney, de snow wot is fallin',
It makes me all white, like a labourer's hod;
And all dis here time dat yourself I've been callin',
I find dat you've been in de swate land of Nod.

Phœbe Morel.

I HAD a dream, a happy dream;—
I thought that I was free,
That in my own bright land again
A home there was for me.
Savannah's tide dash'd heavely on
I saw wave roll over wave;
But when in full delight I woke,
I found myself a slave.

I never knew a mother's love,
Yet happy were my days,
For by my own dear father's side
I sang my simple lays.
He died—and heartless strangers came,
Ere closed o'er him the grave,
They bore me, weeping, from his side,
And claimed me as their slave.

And this was in a Christian land,
Where men oft kneel and pray,—
The vaunted home of liberty,
Where lash and chain hold sway.
O, give me back my Georgian cot—
It is not wealth I crave,
O, let me live in freedom's light,
Or die, if still a slave.

Cookey Darling.

I'M waiting at the airey, cookey darling,
Your fire burns so brightly I can see;
Then hasten to your peelor, cookey darling,
For you know, my love, I'm waiting for thee.
You know last night you gave me
Only half a leg of mutton and a goose—
Then hasten to your peelor, cookey darling,
For on Sunday I shan't be of any use.
Cookey, stunning cookey!
I'm waiting at the airey, cookey darling
Your fire burns so brightly I can see;
Then hasten to your peelor, cookey darling,
For you know, my love, I'm waiting for thee.

I'm waiting at the airey, cookey darling;
Then bring me up something good to eat—
Some lush for my stomach to be warming,
And the grub I'll put away on my beat:
I can see wine too on the table,
Sent down because it was not bright,
To drink it, cookey, you know I'm able,
My love, you know, to put it out of sight.
Cookey, stunning cookey!
I'm waiting, &c.

I can see pies and puddings, cookey darling,
Veal, ham, and every thing so nice:
I shall go mad, cookey darling,
If off that beef I havn't a two-pound slice:
But I hear the Serjeant coming—
Full well I know his power;
Then get the grub ready, cookey darling,
And I'll be back in half an hour.
Cookey, stunning cookey!
I'm waiting, &c.

Love launched a fairy boat.

LOVE launched a fairy boat,
On a bright and flowing river,
And said, my barque shall float
O'er these sunny waves for ever,
The gentlest gale shall fill the sail
That bear me onward cheerily,
And through Venus' glass the sands shall pass,
From morn till evening merrily.
From morn till, &c.

But soon the heavens grew dark,
And wildly rushed the current,
Love felt its fragile barque
Must founder in the torrent
The tempest gale rent every sail,
Love mourn'd his forehead dourly;
But prudence found the boy aground,
And steer'd him homeward cheerily.
Love launched, &c.

When Crown'd with Summer Roses.

WHEN crown'd with summer roses,
Hope and pleasure lead along,
Through meads of sun-lit beauty
All that's bright, and sweet in song.
Though others may be fairer,
So dear art thou to me,
As to the lark is sunrise,
Or the blossom to the bee!
When crown'd, &c.

Doth sorrow o'er thy path, love,
Its darkling shadow fling?
Has cold neglect to winter turn'd
Thy bosom's leafy spring?
In sorrow and in gladness,
Thou alone art dear to me;
As sunshine to the swallow,
Or blossom to the bee!
When crown'd, &c.

Yes, I have dared to Love thee.

YES, I have dared to love thee,
Cold and senseless though I seem;
And sweet have been the phantasies
Of this, my heart's first dream.

The sun does not a brighter beam
On all creation pour,
Than that which now lights up the mind,
Where all was dark before

Alike he shines on hill and dale,
On valley, mount, and sea;
And as he is to one of these,
Thou'rt even that to me.

'Twas not thy beauty that enthrall'd,
And yet thy form is fair;
The painter's eye would love to dwell
On all the graces there.

It was thy mental loveliness
That bound my soul to thine,
And made me dream of happiness;
Oh, can it e'er be mine?

Thy magic tones have lured me
Into paths before untrod,
And led my wandering spirit back,
A captive to its God.

Yes, still this lonely heart must love—
E'en I knew not how well,
Until the blight of sickness
On thy youthful beauty fell.

I thought 'twas admiration,
And esteem I felt before;
But then I knew I loved,
And in that hour, I loved thee more.

Then chide me not, if I confess,
My heart's no longer free;
Thou hast made me love thee lovely,
Then can I help loving thee?

Our Rambles by the Dove.

(Eliza Cook.)

'TIS well to proudly tell me
Of the glories of the West,
Of the stream with rapid current,
And the lake with heaving breast,
Of the mountain and the prairie,
Of the forest and the bluff,
Savannah spot so fragrant,
And the jungle dell so rough.
I know that there are wonders
In your own gigantic land,
The gorgeous and the beautiful,
The startling and the grand.
I know the cataracts are bold,
The fields of maize are wide,
I know the pines are thick enough
To let the lightnings hide;
But glad I am to hear thee say,
With warm and clinging love,
Thou thinkest of Old England and
Our rambles by the "Dove."

Prize as thou will the banks that keep
Thy clear broad rivers in,
Where panthers drink and light canoes
Bear on the tawny skin,—
Be speaking fondly as thou may'st
Of hills that climb around,
And boast of wild flowers that bodeck
The trackless "hunting ground."
Magnolias are exquisite
And humming-birds are choice,
And "whip-poor-will" may charm thee with
His melancholy voice;
But can'st thou quite despise the thrush
That whistled on the thorn,
And those "forget-me-nots" that were
The jewels of the morn,—
Can'st thou shut out the green below
And cloudless blue above,
That led us still, still onward in
Our ramblings by the "Dove?"

Oh, no, indeed! I know thy land
Will never chase away
The happiness you found in mine
On that long, sunny day
I know thy great White Mountains
Cannot dim the winding steep
That lured us dreamily along
To gain the "Lover's Leap."
Do you remember how we sat,
And tried to find a word
That would express the plashing gush
Of waters that we heard;
And how we watched the alders bend,
As peacefully and light,
As though an angel's wing had passed,
And touched them in its flight:
And how we said that Eastern clime
Held no Arcadian Grove
Of more romance and sweetness
Than the valley of the "Dove."

We were familiar with the place—
We had been there before;
But, somehow, on this August day,
We worship'd it the more;
And every crag of old grey rock,
And every wave-washed stone,
Seemed touched with richer colour.
And how it washed in foaming haste
Adown the mossy wall,
Where granite fragments broke the flow,
And caused a water-fall;
And how we stood with silent joy,
And hearts prim-full of love,
And saw the great Creator
Gliding onward with the "Dove."

Oh, do not let the mighty scenes
That meet thy vision now,
Shut out "Thorpe Cloud" that standeth
Like a frown on Beauty's brow.
Oh, do not let the noble trees
That spring upon thy sod,
Prompt thee to spurn the bramble arms,
That hugged us as we trod.
Thou wilt be seeing many things
To win thy loudest praise;
But let Old England's woods and dales
Yet steal upon thy gaze.
Think of our merry travels
On this narrow island earth,
And own that we have often found
Rare spots of Eden birth;
And when amid the vast and fair
Thy native footsteps rove,
Call up our sunny rambles
By the waters of the "Dove."

I breathed a prayer while straying there;
(God grant 'twas not in vain,)
It asked the boons of life and health
To view that place again—
It asked that those around me then
Might share that future joy:
The hope was earnest, strong, and pure,—
God keep it from alloy!
Write on, and proudly tell me
Of the wonders of the West:
But glad am I that, more than once,
Thy spirit hath confessed
Affection for our dasied fields,
Green lanes, and babbling brooks,
Our orchards and white cottages,
And fairy-haunted nooks;
For I believe that thou wilt come,
With all thy olden love,
And let my prayer be answered
By the waters of the "Dove."

Ole Virginny Shore.

OH, if I was only young again,
I'd lead a different life;
I'd save my money—buy a farm,
And take Dinah for my wife.
But now old age he holds me tight,
And my limbs are growing sore;
Den carry me back to ole Virginny,
To ole Virginny shore.

Now ebery day the world goes round,
And pleasure from us run;
Oh, wouldn't I lead a happy life,
If I was only young.
But now I am so feeble grown,
I cannot walk any more;
Den carry me back to ole Virginny,
To ole Virginny shore.

Oh, when I'm dead and gone to rest,
Lay de banjo by my side;
Let de possom and 'coon to de funeral go,
For dey were my only pride.
In soft repose I'll take my sleep,
And I'll dream for ever more;
Den carry me back to ole Virginny,
To ole Virginny shore.

Susannah don't you cry.

I'M a going to Alabama,
Wid my banjo on my knee,
And I'm going from Louisiana,
My true love for to see;
It rained all night the day I left,
The weather had a dry:
The sun so hot I froze to death,
Susannah don't you cry.
Oh, Susannah don't you cry for me,
I'm going to Alabama wid my bonjo on my knee.

I jump'd on board de Telegraph,
And floated down de riber,
De electric spark it magnified,
And killed five hundred nigger.
De bullgin bust, de horse run off,
I really thought I'd die,
I shut my eyes to hold my breath—
Susannah don't you cry.

I had a dream de oder night,
When every ting was still,
I thought I saw Susannah
Coming down the hill;
De buck wheat cake was in her mouth,
De tear was in her eye,
Says I, my lub, I'm from de south,
Susannah don't you cry.

Now when I get to New Orleans,
I mean to look around,
And if I see Susannah,
I'll fall down on de ground;
But if dat she is married,
Dis nigger will surely die,
And when I'm dead and buried,
Susannah don't you cry.

He tells me in Danger and Distance.

HE tells me, in danger and distance,
All the glory he vowed to maintain
No dishonour shall ever profane;
He tells me the charm of existence
Is friendship that firm can remain;
He tells me that love but a cheat is,
Beaming, then flying away;
And though he at most times discreet is,
Yet he told me in whispers one day,
One day—
"Keep, in Venice, your hand on your lip,
On your lip—yes, on your lip,—
'Tis a spot delightfully gay;
Yet they should hear you only say,
Tra, la, la, la, la."

I know that he sensibly feeleth
All the value of virtue and fame,
For, himself and his country the same.
I know that if sorrow appealeth,
His heart ne'er rejecteth its claim;
I know that if war or if pease is,
Prudence is ever his guide;
To prove that his caution increases
Only last night he told me aside,
Aside,—
"Keep, in Venice, your hand on your lip,
On your lip,—yes, on your lip,—
'Tis a spot most delightfully gay;
Yet they should only hear you say—
Tra, la, la, la, la."

Now by Day's retiring lamp.

NOW by day's retiring lamp,
Lo! the vapour dense and damp,
Thro' the misty æther spreads,
Ev'ry harm the trav'ler dreads.
Hark! I hear the wanderer's song,
As he winds the hills among.

Water Cresses.

JACK just come home, his pockets lin'd,
In search of Poll, his only pleasure,
To Pickle Stairs his course inclin'd,
In her fair lap to pour his treasure;
But scarce arriv'd at fam'd Rag Fair,
Where the keen Jew the cleanpoole fleeces,
His whistle turn'd into a stare,
At "Come, who'll buy my water cresses?"

He starts, and trembles at the sound,
Which now is heard, and now obstructed,
And now his hopes are all aground,
And now 'tis to his ear conducted:
"Zounds!" cried out Jack, "I know that phiz,
But then such togs—they're all to pieces!
Why, it can't be!—damme it is,
'Tis Poll a-bawling water cresses."

And now she's in his arms, while he
Bids her relate fortune's reverses;
The world finds faithless as the sea,
And loads false friends, in troops with curses,
"They took," cried she, "my very bed;
The sticks they seiz'd, and sold in pieces;
To get a bit of honest bread,
I cries, Who'll buy my water-cresses?"

"Still art thou rich, my girl," cried Jack,
"And still shalt taste each earthly pleasure;
Thou'rt true, though rags ev'n on thy back,
And honour, Poll, 's a noble treasure.
In this gay tog shop, rigg'd so neat,
Ill fortune from this moment ceases;"
This said, he enter'd in the street
Basket, and rags, and wate cresses.

Little Ben.

(Dibdin.)

RESPLENDENT gleam'd the ample moon,
Reflected on the glitt'ring lee,
The bell proclaim'd night's awful noon,
And scarce a ripple shook the sea;
When thus, for sailors, nature's ease,
What educating has denied,
Are of strong sense, a bounteous share,
By observation well supplied.
While thus, in bold and honest guise,
For wisdom moved his tongue,
Drawing from season comfort's drop,
In truth and fair reflection wise,
Right cheerfully sang
Little Ben that kept his watch in the main top.

Why should the hardy tar complain?
'Tis certain true he weathers more,
From dangers on the roaring main,
Than lazy lubbers do ashore.
Ne'er let the noble mind despair,
Tho' roaring seas run mountains high,
All things are built with equal care,
First-rate or wherry, man or fly.
If there's a Power that never errs,
And certainly 'tis so—
For honest hearts what comforts drop,
As well as kings and emperors!
Why not take in tow,
Little Ben that keeps his watch in the main-top?

What though to distant climes I roam,
Far from my darling Nancy's charms,
The sweeter is my welcome home,
To blissful moorings in her arms.
Perhaps she on that sober moon
A lover's observation takes,
And longs that little Ben may soon
Relieve that heart which sorely aches.
Ne'er fear: that Power that never errs,
That guards all things below;
For honest hearts what comforts drop
As well as kings and emperors!
Will surely take in tow
Little Ben that keeps his watch in the main-top.

The Sailor's Journal.

(Dibdin.)

'TWAS post meridian, half-past four,
By signal I from Nancy parted,
At six she linger'd on the shore,
With uplift hands and broken-hearted,
At seven, while taughtening the forestay,
I saw her faint, or else 'twas fancy;
At eight we all got under weigh,
And bid a long adieu to Nancy;
Night came, and now eight bells had rung,
While cabaleta sailors, ever cheesy,
On the mid watch so jovial sung,
With tempers labour cannot weary.
I, little to their mirth inclined,
While tender thoughts rush'd on my fancy,
And my warm sighs increased the wind,
Look'd on the moon and thought of Nancy!

And now arrived that jovial night,
When every true bred tar carouses;
When, o'er the grog, all hands delight
To toast their sweethearts and their spouses.
Round went the can, the jest, the glee,
While tender wishes fill'd each fancy;
And when, in turn, it came to me,
I heaved a sigh, and toasted Nancy!

Next morn a storm came on at four,
At six the elements in motion,
Plunged me and three poor sailors more
Headlong within the foaming ocean.
Poor wretches! they soon found their graves;
For me—it may be only fancy;
But love seem'd to forbid the waves
To snatch me from the arms of Nancy!

Scarce the foul hurricane was clear'd,
Scarce winds and waves had ceased to rattle,
When a bold enemy appear'd,
And, dauntless, we prepared for battle.
And now, while some loved friend or wife
Like light'ning rushed on every fancy,
To Providence I trusted life,
Put up a prayer, and thought of Nancy!

At last—'twas in the month of May
The crew, it being lovely weather
At three a. m. discover'd day
And England's chalky cliffs together.
At seven up Channel how we bore,
While hopes and fears rush'd on my fancy,
At twelve I gaily jump'd ashore,
And to my throbbing heart press'd Nancy!

THE ELIZA COOK SONGSTER.

A Drop of the Creature.

TO ask would you come for to go
How a true-hearted tar you'd discern,
Me's as honest a fellow, I'd have you to know
As e'er stept between stem and stern:
Let furious winds the vessel waft,
In his station amidships, or fore, or aft,
He can pull away,
Cast off, belay,
Aloft, alow,
Avast, yo ho!
And hand, reef, and steer,
Know each halliard and gear,
And of duty every rig;
But his joy and delight
Is on Saturday night
A drop of the creature to swig.

The first voyage I made to sea,
One day as I hove the lead,
The main-top gallant-mast went by the lee,
For it blew off the Devil's head;
Tumble up there, bear a hand, turn to,
While I the foremost of the crew,
Soon could pull away,
Cast off, belay,
Aloft, alow,
Avast, yo ho!
Know each halliard and gear,
And hand, reef, and steer,
And of duty every rig;
But my joy and delight
Was, on Saturday night,
A drop of the creature to swig,

There was Kit with a cast in his eye
And Tom with a timber toe,
And shambling Will, for he hobbled awry,
All wounded a fighting the foe:
Three lads, though crazy grown and crank,
As true as ever bumbo drank,
For they'd pull away,
Cast off, belay,
Aloft, alow,
Avast, yo ho!
And hand, reef, and steer,
Know each halliard and gear,
And of duty every rig;
But their joy and delight
Was, on Saturday night,
A drop of the creature to swig.

Then over life's ocean I'll jog,
Let the storm or the Spaniards come on,
So but sea room I get and a skin full of grog,
I fear neither devil nor don:
For I am the man that's spract and daft,
In my station amidships, or fore, or aft,
I can pull away,
Cast off, belay
Aloft, alow,
Avast, yo ho!
And hand, reef, and steer;
Know each halliard and gear,
And of duty every rig;
But my joy and delight
Is, on Saturday night
A drop of the creature to swig.

The Signal to Engage.

(Dibdin.)

THE signal to engage shall be
A whistle and a hollow,
Be one and all but firm, like me,
And conquest soon will follow.
You, Gunnel, keep the helm in hand—
Thus, thus, boys! steady, steady!
'Till right a-head you see the land,
Then, soon as we are ready,
The signal, &c.

Keep, boys, a good look out, d'ye hear!
'Tis for old England's honour;
Just as you brought your lower tier
Broadside to bear upon her.
The signal, &c.

All hands then, lads, the ship to clear,
Load all your guns and mortars;
Silent as death th' attack prepare,
And, when you're all at quarters,
The signal, &c.

Swizzy.

(Dibdin.)

IF bold and brave thou canst not bear
Thyself from all thou lov'st to tear;
If, while winds war, and billows roll,
A spark of fear invade thy soul;
If thou'rt appall'd when cannons roar,
I psithee, messmate, stay ashore:
There like a lubber,
Whine and blubber,
Still for thy ease and safety busy,
None dare to come
Where honest Tom,
And Ned, and Nick,
And Ben, and Phil,
And Jack, and Dick,
And Bob, and Bill,
All weathers sing, and drink the swizzy.

If shouldst thou lose a limb in fight,
She who made up thy heart's delight,
(Poor recompense that thou art kind)
Shall prove inconstant as the wind,
If such hard fortune thou'dst deplore
I prithee, messmate, stay ashore:
There, like a lubber, &c.

If pris'ner in a foreign land,
No friend, no money at command,
That man thou trusted hadst alone
All knowledge of thee should disown;
If this should vex thee to the core,
I prithee, messmate, stay ashore:
There, like a lubber, &c.

The Sailor's Sheet-anchor.

(Dibdin.)

SMILING grog is the sailor's best hope, his sheet anchor,
His compass, his cable, his log,
That gives him a heart which life's care cannot canker;
Though dangers around him
Unite to confound him,
He braves them, and tips off his grog.
'Tis grog, only grog,
Is his rudder, his compass, his cable, his log,
The sailor's sheet-anchor is grog.

What though he to a friend in trust
His prize money convey,
Who, to his bond of faith unjust,
Cheats him, and runs away;
What's to be done? He vents a curse
'Gainst all false hearts ashore;
Of the remainder cleans his purse,
And then to sea for more.
There smiling grog, &c.

What though his girl, who often swore
To know no other charms,
He finds, when he returns ashore,
Clasp'd in a rivals arms:
What's to be done? He vents a curse
And seeks a kinder she;
Dances, gets groggy, cleans his purse,
And goes again to sea.

To crosses born, still trusting there,
The waves less faithless than the fair;
There into toils to rush again,
And stormy perils brave—what then.
Smiling grog, &c

The Sailor.

(Dibdin.)

THAT girl who fain would choose a mate,
Should ne'er in fondness fail her,
May thank her lucky stars if fate
Should splice her to a sailor.
He braves the storm, the battle's heat,
The yellow boys to nail her;
Diamonds, if diamonds she could eat,
Would seek her honest sailor.

If she'd be constant, still the heart
She's sure will never fail her;
For, though a thousand leagues apart,
Still faithful is her sailor.
If she be false, still he is kind,
And, absent, does bewail her;
Her trusting as he trusts the wind,
Still faithless to the sailor.

A butcher can provide her prog;
Three threads to drink, a tailor:
What's that to biscuit and to grog,
Procured her by her sailor?
She who would such a mate refuse,
The devil sure must ail her!
Search round, and if you're wise you'll choose
To wed an honest sailor.

Man less than a Man.

WHEN is a man less than a man?
When he leads or drives his friends
To danger for his selfish ends,
And leaves them in the evil day,
To stand or fall as best they may;
Then is a man less than a man,
Then we pity him all we can.

When is a man less than a man?
When he makes a vow he fails to keep;
When without sowing he would reap;
When he would borrow, beg, or steal,
Sooner than work for an honest meal;
Then is a man less than a man,
Then we pity him all we can.

When is a man less than a man?
When by misfortune stricken down,
He whines and maudles through the town,
But never lifts his strong right arm
To save himself from further harm;
Then is a man less than a man,
Then we pity him all we can.

When is a man less than a man?
When he acts the coward's part,
When he betrays a woman's heart,
And scorns, ill uses, and deceives
The love that lingers and believes;
Then is a man less than a man,
Then we pity him all we can.

When is a man less than a man?
When he takes delight in raising strife;
When he values honour less than life,
When he insults a fallen foe,
Or at a woman aims a blow;
Then is a man less than a man,
Then we pity him all we can.

I dreamt that I slept at Madame Tussaud's.

A Parody on 'I dreamt that I dwel in marble halls.'

I DREAMT that I slept at Madame Tussaud's,
With cut-throats and kings by my si-i-ide—
And that all the wax figures in those abodes.
At midnight became vivi-fi-i-ied.
I dreamt that William the Fourth sat down to smoke
With Collins, who aimed at his eye—
And I also dreamt King Hal—what a joke!
Danced the Polka with Mrs. Fry.
Danced the Polka, &c.

I dreamt that Napo-le-o. Bu-ona-parte
Was waltzing with Madame T-e-ee
That O'Connell, to study the regi-cide art,
Had a gossip with Fleschi-e-e-e.
And Kean making eyes with Queen Bess I saw,
And Pitt taking grog with Fox!
And a' o I dreamt the sun melted, oh, la!
The nose of Lord Brougham and Vaux!
The nose of, &c.

Saturday Night at Sea.

(Dibdin.)

'TIS said we ventrous diehards,
when we leave the shore,
Our friends should mourn,
Lest we return
To bless their sight no more.
But this is all a notion
Bold Jack can't understand,
Some die upon the ocean,
And some upon the land.
Then since 'tis clear,
Howe'er we steer,
No man's life's under his command;
Let tempests howl,
And billows roll,
And dangers press:
Of these in spite, there are some joys
Us jolly tars to bless,
For Saturday night still comes, my boys,
To drink to Poll and Bess.

One seaman hands the sails, another heaves the log,
The purser swops
Our pay for slops,
The landlord sells us grog:
Then let each man to his station,
To keep life's ship in trim:
What argufies noration?
The rest is all a whim.
Cheerly, my hearts!
Then play your parts,
Boldly resolved to sink or swim;
The mighty surge
May ruin urge,
And dangers press;
Of these in spite, &c.

For all the world, just like the ropes aboard a ship,
Each man's rigg'd out
A vessel stout,
To take for life a trip.
The shrouds, the stays, the braces,
Are joys, and hopes, and fears;
The halliards, sheets, and traces,
Still, as each passion veers,
And whim prevails,
Direct the sails,
As on the sea of life he steers.
Then let the storm
Heaven's face deform,
And dangers press:
Of these in spite, &c.

Faery Land.

IN a merry land,
There dwelt a band
Of tiny joyou elves;
They owned no order or command.
From any but themselves:
They danced at night,
In the moonbeams bright,
And quaffed their cowslip wine,
And hid their heads,
In their moth-down beds,
Ere day began to shine.

Oh! had I an enchanter's wand,
And could con the words of potent spell,
I would hie away to the dreamy land,
Where the merry elves and fairies dwell!
Some purple bell, or bud of gold,
My home and my hiding-place should be;
And more dear would the flow'rets' silken fold
Than a marble palace be to me.
On my fragrant couch, ere the morning's ray,
To be rocked to rest by the zephyr's sigh!
In the sweetest slumber during day,
Nor wake till the moon was bright on high:
Oh! then on the dewy green hill-side,
Gently to dance through the mystic maze,
And, quick as thought, in the blossoms hide,
From the early shepherd's wond'ring gaze.

Hail to thee, Christmas!

Tune.—Hail to the chief.

Hail to thee, Christmas! let smiles deck each face,
Base is the churl who would scowl on this day—
Around the blazing log let each take his place,
And with unburthened mirth pass the hours away.
Christmas again is here,
With light hearts and jovial cheer,
Long may he reign o'er each declining year,
Let laughter gaily sound,
As the hearth we rally round,
All hail to thee Christmas—welcome art thou here!

Foul be the churl's lot, joyless and sadd'ning,
Who closes his cold heart—(he has my ban)—
Who heeds not the tidings glorious and gladd'ning,
Echo'd from heaven "Peace and good will to man!"
Oh, let us all be gay,
On this bright holiday,
Come, a toast—every goblet my merry men rear—
Let every heart it sound,
Each voice echo it round,
All hail to thee, Christmas! welcome art thou here!

Ho! ho! bring a wassail bowl deck it with holly green,
Loud be the gay laugh, and merry the jest,
Let the huge Christmas log on the bright hearth be seen,
And dull care and vanity here have a rest.
In the fire's ruddy light,
Let eyes be gleaming bright,
The mystic mistletoe and holly appear—
Join now, ye merry throng,
In my gay Christmas song,
Hail, hail to thee, Christmas! welcome art thou here?

Woman's Love.

ON earth, in ocean, or in air,
In aught below—above,
There's not a gem so sweet—so fair,
As woman's tender love.
The red rose blows; it pines away
When clouds and cold winds lour,
So all things fade—ah! well a day—
How like a summer shower.
But woman's love—sweet woman's love,
Can cheer you through the scene;
Yet pray—excuse—my gentle dove—
'Tis rare and far between.

The Officer's Funeral.

(Miss Mason.)

[illegible]

Fireside Figure.

[illegible]

Little Pools and Great Ones.

(Henry Russell.)

[illegible]

The Officer's Funeral.

(Mrs. Norton,)

HARK! to the shrill trumpet calling,
It pierceth the soft summer air!
Tears from each comrade are falling,
For the widow and orphan are there!
The bayonets earth-ward are turning,
And the drum's muffled breath rolls around,
But he hears not the voice of their mourning,
Nor awakes to the bugle's sound.

Sleep soldier! tho' many regret thee,
Who stand by thy cold bier to day,
Soon shall the kindest forget thee,
And thy name from the earth pass away.
The man thou didst love for a brother,
A friend in thy place will have gained,
Thy dog shall keep watch for another,
And thy steed by a stranger be reined.

But though hearts that now mourn for thee sadly,
Soon joyous as ever shall be,
Though thy bright orphan boy may laugh gladly,
As he sits on some comrade's knee;
There is one who shall still pay the duty,
Of tears for the true and the brave,
As when first in the bloom of her beauty,
She wept o'er her soldier's grave.

Sweet were those hours of Infancy.

(G. Macfarren.)

SWEET were those hours of infancy,
When carelessly we play'd
Beneath the spreading chesnut tree,
And o'er the flowry glade:
When like two buds, together twin'd,
in mutual strength we grew,
Exchang'd the odours of the mind,
And caught each others hue.

Sweet were the hours when side by side,
We stroll'd, in riper years.
And felt a more than mortal pride,
In mingling smiles and tears,
And now, shall adverse fate revoke,
Or lose affection's tie?
Ah: no, ah! no, the branches of the oak,
Are sever'd but to die!

Health, Happiness and Love.

(Rannie.)

TOGETHER in the rural vale,
From childhood's early days,
We loved in the same cot to dwell,
In the same field to stray,
With wealth I could not bribe the maid,
To win whose heart I strove;
But, she my faithful flame repaid,
And gave me love for love.

Ah the ambition I possess
Is for my charmers sake.
And wealth were grateful I confess,
If Sarah might partake,
Though poor the joy that wealth bestows,
Compared to what we prove;
The wealth that from contentment flows,
Is health, Happiness, and love.

Banks of the ole Tar River.

DOWN by the banks of the ole tar riber,
Heigh, he, hi, ho,
Something there I did discover,
Heigh, he, hi, ho.
Juba dis, and Juba dat,
Eat a pound of kidney fat,
Walk Julia round de table,
Skim de pot, and lick de table,
Do Sally, do,
Gib me string to tie my shoe,
Horses leg will neber do,
A stiffer leg a bull a bo,
Ah do, ah do, ah do.

As I come from ole Tennessee,
Heigh, he, hi, oh,
I sat ole Dinah on my knee,
Heigh, he, hi, oh.
Juba dis, &c.

As I was going to Boston fair,
Heigh, he, hi, ho,
I see my lubly Sally dare,
Heigh, he, hi, ho.
Juba dis, &c.

Did you ebber hear my Sally sing,
Heigh, he, hi, ho,
While you bear de banjo ring,
Heigh, he, hi, ho.
Juba dis, &c.

The Niggers then they show their faces,
Heigh, he, hi, ho,
Stand back girls and take your places,
Heigh, he, hi, ho.
Juba dis, &c.

Oh my Nigger song is done,
Heigh he, hi, ho,
I hope its pleased you every one,
Heigh he, hi, ho.

Reuben Rayne.

WHEN I was stolen from my home
And made a captive slave;
They bound me with an iron chain—
I did for mercy crave:
All day I wept, at night I cried,
"Oh, send me back again
Unto my own dear happy home—
To my poor Reuben Rayne.
Oh, pity my poor Reuben Rayne,
No friendly voice to cheer me now,
Oh, pity my poor Reuben Rayne,
He'll never smile again."

They sold me to a Christian man,
Who, weeping, pitied me,
He loosed the cruel bondage yoke,
And kindly set me free.
But oh, I could not Reuben find—
My own dear Reuben Rayne,
They told me he was dead and gone,
And sleeping on the plain.
Then pity my poor Reuben Rayne,
Deep sorrow broke his aching heart
Then pity my poor Reuben Rayne,
He'll never wake again.

All night I sat upon the wave,
With anguish I did cry
"Awake, awake, my love, awake,
Or let me with you die.
For in this wretched world of woe
I ne'er shall rest again,
Until I'm sleeping by thy side,
My own dear Reuben Rayne."
Then pity, &c.

Here's a health to all good lasses

HERE'S a health to all good lasses,
Pledge it merrily, fill your glasses
Let the bumper toast go round;
May they live a life of pleasure,
Without mixture, without measure,
For in that true joys are found.

Little Fools and Great Ones.

(Henry Russell.)

WHEN at the social board you sit,
And pass around the wine,
Remember, though abuse is vile,
That use may be devine:
That heaven in kindness gave the grape
To cheer both great and small,
That little fools will drink too much,
But great ones not at all.

And when in youth's too fleeting houre,
You roam the earth alone,
And have not sought some loving heart
That you may make your own:
Remember woman's priceless worth,
And think, when pleasures pall,
That little fools will love to much,
But great ones not at all.

And if a friend deceived you once,
Absolve poor human kind,
Nor rail against your fellow man,
With malice in your mind;
But in your daily intercourse,
Remember lest you fall,
That little fools confide too much,
But great ones not at all.

In weal, or woe, be trusted still,
And in the deepest care,
Be bold and resolute, and shun,
The coward foe Despair.
Let work and hope go hand in hand;
And know, what'er befal,
That little fools may hope too much,
But great ones not at all.

In work or pleasure, love or drink,
Your rule be still the same,
Your work not toil, your pleasure pure,
Your love a steady flame;
Your drink not maddening, but to cheer,
So shall your bliss not pall,
For little fools enjoy to much,
But great ones not at all.

In this old Chair my Father sat.

Sung by Mr. J. S. Reeves, in the opera of "The Maid of Honour.")

Music published by Chappell, 50, New Bond Street.

IN this old chair my father sat,
In this my mother smiled;
I hear their blessings on me wait,
And feel myself a child.
I feel the kiss of their fond love—
Joy, joy too bright to last!
O, why will cruel Time remove,
Or Mem'ry paint the past!

And here, alas! when they were gone,
In Beauty's own array,
A pitying angel on me shone,
To chase each grief away;
But oh, it was delusive love,
Too sweet, too pure to last;
Ah! if such dream Time must remove,
Mem'ry, why paint the past!